BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

NAN CRIES FOR MOON; FINALLY GETS IT

Margaret Pedler's New Book Is Good Old-Fashioned Love Story, With the Happiest of Endings.

By AMES KENDRICK.

MARGARET PEDLER'S "Moon Out of Reach" (Doran) is just the sort of book to keep one guessing what is going to happen next, not that it is by any manner of means a detective or mystery story, but for the reason that Nan seems intent, chapter after chapter, on turning this sentimental little novel into another "Tragedy of Nan."

This Nan, musician of sorts, with temperament of all sorts, is forever on the verge of being dragged to the altar by the most unsuitable persons. Between regular matrimonial proposals she is entreated to elope by other suitors more ardent than conventional.

Such a fix does Nan finally get into that we got all worked up about her, though a little sober reflection would have told us that the happy ending was just beyond the horizon. Nan's first affair is with an artist chap, who finds himself in love with both Nan and his art. Just why he had no room in his affections for both is not clear to us, but anyway he jilts Nan for a widow lady of means.

Art having failed her, Nan next has a try at Literature. This literary fellow; Peter, seems the ideal man with the trifling exception that he has already a wife in the offing. As the author locates this lady in India and enters into no details about her, this seems rather a slight obstacle in this day and generation. However, it is sufficient for the purposes of the story.

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Music provides the youthful Sandy next in the parade of suitors, but he, alack, is wanting in years, and is thrown into the story as a sort of extra man to fill up the intervals between the exit of one swain and the entrance of the next. And so we come to Roger, country squire, rider to hounds, lord of many acres. A stern, passionate, rugged gent, Roger, just the sort to tame the temperamental heroine, though with absolutely nothing in common in the way of education, tastes or ideals. So, first thing we know, Nan is contracted to marry him.

At this point the author warms to the job. When the heroine gets herself engaged in most stories the rejected suitors usually disappear from the scene, but not so in this book. All the other fellows continue to hang about, and Nan is forever in trouble with first one, then another. Such a time as is had. Nan is literally hurled from the arms of one gent into the clutch of another, and the ensuing kissing stuff exceeds, we are certain, the length allowed by the osculatory censor of the movies.

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Finally, to get free of Roger, who has become unbearable, Nan skips town with the artist, only to be saved in the nick of time by the surviving members of the wooers' association, Peter and Sandy. Then the jolly Roger, who all along has been pictured as a rude fellow of the baser sort, experiences a remarkable change of heart and releases Nan from her promise to wed with him.

This leaves Nan free to marry the man she has truly loved all along, the literary fellow, Peter. Now, this may sound rather mixed and absurd, and the book is indeed a bit sentimental, as the percipient reader has probably discovered by this time, but then Mrs. Pedler's workmanship is sound, her characters interesting, her style ingratiatingly smooth, and ourselves a graduate of the school of Charles Garvice and Charlotte M. Braeme. So that we were no whit surprised or outraged when the distant wife of Peter is removed off-hand so that his marriage to Nan is regular, and conventional, and all that sort of thing.

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SAX ROHMER has a large and devoted audience, who know what to expect from him in the way of mystery, murders, intrigue and plots. They will not be disappointed in his latest offering, "Fire Tongue" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which comes up to the standard specifications.

His Excellency Ormuz Kahn is a sleek, subtle, highly perfumed Oriental villain who will be recognised at sight as the trouble-maker of the story.

He is head of a marvelous society of fire worshipers, with headquarters in a remote corner of the Himalayas, but operating, for the purposes of the story, in London. And one American, the lovely lady in distress, detectives, etc., and the ingredients of an exciting time are all at hand.

It takes a little while for Mr. Rohmer to get the plot going at high speed. However the reader [illegible] applause promptly enough, and the last two-thirds of the tale contains enough to satisfy the most exacting seeker for thrills. The mysterious house, with secret prison chambers and trapdoor, is highly to be recommended.

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THE Pulitzer prize of $1,000 for the best American novel of the year has again been awarded to Booth Tarkington, this year for his "Alice Adams." In the phraseology of the bequest of the great publicist, the prize is awarded each year for the American novel published during the year which best represents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the higher standards of American manners and manhood.

This is the second time that Mr. Tarkington has been so honored. "The Magnificent Ambersons" was selected as the winning novel of 1918 and now "Alice Adams" receives a similar tribute. Both novels are significant interpretations of contemporary American life.

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"THE VALUE OF GOOD MANNERS," by Margaret Emerson Bailey (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is a treatise on good manners as they affect our business and social relations; an actual and practical application of the rules of etiquette to the conditions of daily life. The author has collected her material from observation of good manners and the lack of them in business offices and institutions of all kinds.

She has discovered that the business man who bases his treatment of his employes and his customers on courtesy succeeds much better than the man who pays no attention to the kindly amenities of life. As it is true in business, so perhaps to even greater extent is courtesy and generous treatment advantageous in the home and in social life.

This book gives not only principles, but definite examples of cause and effect. Among the chapters are: Counting the Cost, Home Manners that Make for Personal Efficiency, The Mistress Who Keeps Her Servants, The Hostess Whose Invitations Are Accepted, The Welcome Guest, Manners That Make Friendship Lasting and Those Who Secure Good Service. In a word, "The Value of Good Manners" shows the application of the rules of etiquette.

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THE fourth edition of "Hay-Fever: Its Prevention and Cure," by Dr. William C. Hollopeter (Funk & Wagnalls), sheds a new light on the treatment and cure of hay-fever. The book certainly appears at an appropriate time, for this season's attack will start next month, and since the author is an authority of international standing, the possession of this book and the following of its directions will undoubtedly lead to relief, if not cure.

Particular attention is paid to the "Immunizing Method." The basis of this immunizing method is the proven fact that the emanations of vegetable matter actually cause hay-fever, and that different parts of the United States produce different pollens. Therefore the treatment of hay-fever in one portion will be different from the treatment in another. The West, North, and East will call for a different immunising process than of the Middle States, yet anyone can prevent his annual suffering by selecting the proper anaphylactic reaction from inhaled atmospheric pollens. While these pollens vary in different localities at various season, and their degree of reaction on sensitive subjects, yet the true factor can soon be found, and the unfortunate victim will obtain complete relief.

Among the features of this work are thorough explanations of many preventive measures which will prove of exceptional value to all sufferers who are desirous of protecting friends and family from infection; numerous half-tone illustrations of the various plants that scatter pollen, and an unusually complete bibliography.

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DONALD McGIBNEY'S "Slag," "Bobbs-Merrill) contains all the regular figures of the novel which purports to treat of industrial unrest. There are the hard-as-granite boss of the mills, the society girl who would play at socialism, the sinister foreign agitators seeking to win the American-born workers to strange gods, and lastly the loyal workers themselves.

It is said that the author has made a first hand study of conditions in the steel towns, and his novel certainly reflects familiarity of acquaintance with the steel industry.

The battle between capital and labor described in this book is fought along novel lines, and labor is made to prevail in the end by a series of operations involving transactions in stocks. By this means the president of the concern is ousted from his position by the hardy toilers, by and with the consent of the stockholders

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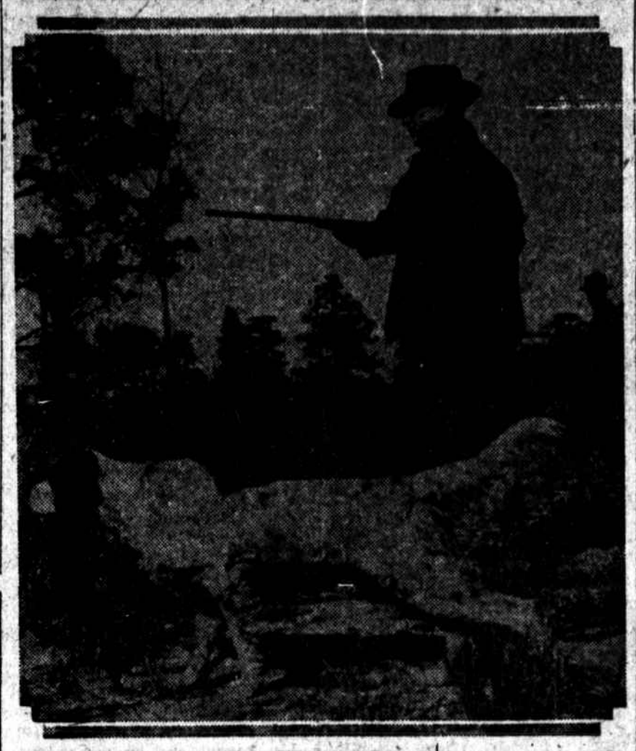
"ONE WOMAN," by Alfred Ollivant (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is a sequel of "Two Men," Mr. Ollivant's earlier novel. It starts just after the marriage of Ruth Boam and Ernie Casper. Ernie has won Ruth as his wife, but he has not won her love. For that conquest he was not man enough. His brother, Alfred, an able and unscrupulous humpback, has a dishonorable passion for his beautiful sister-in-law. Ernie becomes a friend and follower of a powerful labor leader, who also falls in love with Ruth. The strife of these three men for this one woman forms the theme of the story.

Sometimes people lament that modern novels lack the savor, the atmosphere and the fine literary craftsmanship of the best British novel of one or more generations ago. Alfred Ollivant, author of the classic, "Bob, Son of Battle," measures up to the most exacting literary standard in "One Woman."

SAMUEL DERIEUX and his best comrade, his thoroughbred hunting dog, which accompanied him on all of his tramps over the fields of Virginia and the Carolinas. Mr. Derieux's book, "Frank of Freedom Hill," the story of an Irish setter, has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Company.



Books in Demand

FICTION.

Where Your Treasure Is, John Hastings Turner.
Moon Out of Reach, Margaret Pedler.
Gentle Julia, Booth Tarkington.
Saint Teresa, Henry Sydnor Harrison.
One Man in His Time, Ellen Glasgow.
The Vehement Flame, Margaret Deland.

NON-FICTION.

In American, J. V. A. Weaver.
Gardening With Brains, Henry T. Finck.
Parady Outline of History, Donald Ogden Stewart.
E. H. Harriman, a biography, George Kennan.
Revolt Against Civilization, Lothrop Stoddard.
Outline of Science, J. S. Thomson.

H. RIDER HAGGARD LETS ROMANCE RUN RIOT

"Virgin of the Sun" Swiftly-Moving Tale of Love and Adventure Among Ancient Incas.

"THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.", by H. Rider Haggard (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has that curious lure imparted by a tinge of the supernatural in a robust, straightway account of a bold adventurer who sets forth for distant semi-mystical lands in search of love and fortune. Throughout there is always that slight suggestion of magic which adds to the fascination of the story.

Rider Haggard must feel every throb of his adventure stories. Because he is a born story teller, because his imagination is so vigorous and unfettered, he has the faculty of putting into his books the spark that makes them infectious. We feel with him, and follow the vivid adventures he recounts because he himself not only feels them, but is hot about them and revels in them. This story carries the reader along because it glows with that warmth which only the true troubadour can feel.

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This is a swiftly paced story and begins at once. We are swept into the broad, swift current of the tale immediately when Hubert, a young soldier, rescues Lady Blanche from death after the battle of Hastings. Hubert falls in love with her, and in spite of the vast difference in their stations he eventually marries her. She proves false to him, and his own life is in danger, so he and a mysterious man named Kari set sail for distant shores in Hubert's own ship.

These two are deserted by the crew, but after many perils and terrors succeed in reaching land where Kari had once been heir to the throne.

Here Hubert meets Quilla, about whom, from the first, there is an aura of unearthliness. She belongs to the race of the Chancas, and to her people she is known as the daughter of the Moon. The Incas seek to make her a sacrifice to their God of the Sun, whom they claim she has betrayed. Hubert holds himself her lover and champion, and draws for her the Sword of the Waving Flame, a souvenir and heritage of his life in Old England.

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Through a pageant of flashing banners and gleaming swords and fighting men their story is told. In the end their love prevails, and Hubert becomes king, with the radiant Quilla as his consort. Readers who have delighted in Mr. Haggard's earlier fantastic tales are not likely to resist the lure of "The Virgin of the Sun."

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THE winner of the first prize of $250 in the Review of Reviews O. Henry prize contest is a Texas farmer's wife, to whom O. Henry's stories have meant understanding and sympathy for the romance and beauty which have been denied her in her life of toil.

"I am sending my reason for liking O. Henry," she writes, "because you will get few letters from people like myself. I am a farmer's wife and the mother of five children—have no education, as you can tell by this letter. I knew nothing but poverty and hard work. I cook, wash and iron, sew, milk and slop the hogs, make the garden and can the fruit and vegetables—raise the chickens and pick and chop the cotton.

"Although I have five children I have hired only one washing done in the twenty-two years of married life. This is the side of my life the world sees, but I love good books, pictures and music. I love the trees and flowers and all growing things. I love to watch a beautiful sunset and—well, I have had my dreams.

"I have no hope of winning a prize, but wanted to tell how much I liked O. Henry. This is a rather personal letter, but as you will probably never see or hear of me again, it does not matter.

"My favorite story is 'The Last Leaf,' because I learned from it that while we all have the great Chance, that chance does not always appear big in the eyes of the world. O. Henry seemed to understand this fact better than any other writer. Any writer besides O. Henry would have had that old man paint a great canvas that would have been famous the world over. Few people ever knew of the tiny leaf, but it saved the sick girl's life. O. Henry knew that few of us can ever hope to do the things the world calls great, but all of us can do the little things that really count.

"I am only a farmer's wife, broken down from hard work and not enough to eat and wear. When I read books by other writers, I feel as if I don't belong in their world at all. But when I read O. Henry I feel as though he understands and knows all about the dead hopes and ambitions locked up in my heart. O. Henry wrote of the inside of people's hearts, and that is why we all love him."

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THE Nobel Prize address delivered by Max Planck before the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences on "The Origin and Development of the Quantum Theory," has been translated and will be published, probably next month, by the Oxford University Press American Branch.

The WELL-DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED · STEPHEN · BRYAN
Beau Nash

What To Wear And When And Where To Wear It

Is Golf a Sport?

NEW YORK, June 10.—GOLF is the game insidious and inescapable. If it doesn't get you, willy, in your teens or twenties, it will get you, nilly, in your forties or fifties. Golf long ago ceased to be a sport and became a hobby-horse, a holiday, an advanture, a religion, an obsession, a superstition, an edipemic, a language, a slanguage, a controversy, the first love of the youngster, the last love of the oldster and the best beloved of both.

Golf knows neither season nor reason, thermometer nor calendar, sunburst nor cloudburst. The only time you are incapacitated from playing golf is when you're asleep, and if you talk in your sleep, you probably address the ball. Golf is almost as universal as money and just as hard to keep in hand.

The golfer's turnout has not changed measurably since the first suits crossed from Scotland, but there has been an immeasurable improvement as to materials and making. This is due to the fact that Americans do not fancy the hot and heavy stuffs worn over-ocean because of the damp, cold climate, but prefer lighter-weight and lighter-woven fabrics which permit unhindered arm-sway and body-play.

Tropical worsteds, gabardines, homespuns, flannels, wool crashes, silks, linens, corduroys, twillettes, camel's hairs and knitted fabrics are only a few of those available for the Olden and Only Game. The 3-button jacket, pictured in the accompanying sketch, is a practical and prepossessing hot-weather model, with its patch pockets, vertical left breast pocket and seamed sides.

The Source of Style

STYLE is like a shadow. You point your finger at it, but you can't put your finger on it. Style cannot be applied to a suit, as an afterthought, like lacquer to a chair or polish to a boot. It must commence with the material, continue with the designing and conclude with the cutting and tailoring. Style is not any single feature, but the sum total of many features, just as a Sir Galahad bow alone does not constitute good breeding.

Many a man expects too much of his clothes—too much in wear and too much in style. For example, soft-surface woolens, when undergoing severe and continuous strain, are certain to shed some of their delicate nap. If one's occupation subjects [illegible] to rough-and-tumble wear, hard-twist worsted is far preferable to soft wool.

Then again, some men can put on almost any suit and look spruce and well-set-up in it. That is because they stand and stride uprightly, instead of shuffling along as though, Atlas-like, they carried the world upon their drooping shoulders. Correct bearing unquestionably helps to stress style in clothes, which, after all, are only the outward expression of the man within; the cover, not the book; the frame, not the picture.

Reproduced alongside is the back of a fashionable field jacket, showing how the liberal application of pleats bestows a freedom and a flexibility which used to be undreamed of in sporting clothes.

These expanding, lengthwise pleats extend from the shoulders down to the half-belt at the waistline, below which they are continued in the form of an open-and-shut vent.

Waistcoats Afield Or A-Mount

AN unconsidered unit in the theme of dress is a man's waistcoat. It goes with your suit just as buttons and linings do. It is in style, to be sure, but there is no style in it, according to the commonly accepted view. Yet, one's waistcoat may be a smart garment, so smart, indeed, that it lends distinction, instead of borrowing it.

The shooting or hunting waistcoat of the English gentleman-sportsman has always been his pride. He bestows no end of attention upon it, and this type of garment is without a peer a-field or a-mount in practicalness and picturesqueness.

As, illustrated alongside, such a waistcoat is of special design. Usually 5-button, it has a waistseam set above the lower pockets which are flapped and pleated. This waistseam conduces to make the garment span the figure snugly, with the bottom points curving outward.

For the man who seeks simon-pure comfort, but cannot bring himself to go without a jacket upon the links or in the saddle, this waistcoat takes its place, for it is, in effect, a sleeveless jacket, just as spruce and convenient and with pocket space a-plenty for small articles.

Separate sporting waistcoats may be made, single-breasted or double, of flannel, cashmere, linen, silk corduroy, doeskin, moleskin, duck, suede, chamois and so on, according to the place and purpose for which they are required.

The low-cut or what are termed "athletic" armholes ease the strain quite a bit and help to lessen perspiration. The soft or semi-soft collar, and especially the spotted foulard four-in-hand, is a vivid vignette of color.

Dressing Up the Straw Hat

AS concerns sailor straws this summer, you can go as you please, yet please as you go. Both the wide brim and middling crown and the narrow brim and high crown are befriended by The Well-Dressed Man. It is an affair of personal preference, not fixed fashion. Anyway, the correct straw for a man to choose is the one that flatters his face, rather than the style he glimpses in some window or envies upon some other head.

The truest definition of Style is Becomingness. In simple reason, all things cannot suit all men, because Nature has endowed some of us generously and others sparingly. Wear what you look best in if you want to look best in what you wear.

In addition to the sennit (rough weave) or the split (fine weave) sailor hat, one should own a more pretentious straw of soft block and braid, such as Leghorn, Milan, Mackinaw, or Bangkok. This may be set aside for sport or "occasion" and, not being worn all day and every day, it will look and feel fresh.

An engagingly decorative touch may be given to this type of straw by a broad silk pleated ribbon, as pictured here, wound around the crown in a manner carefully careless or carelessly careful, as you prefer.

Such a ribbon may be plain-colored, striped or polka-dotted, or, indeed, it may tally with the color of your cravat if you are hair-splittingly precise about matters which don't matter.

Shirts and Shirtings

TIMES change, babbles the bore, whilst the practical person adds, "but there's not much change in the pocket." Time was when one's shirt played but a minor role in dress. It was plain, usually white, for colorful patterns had not yet been perfected. Then, we wore single starched cuffs, parted our hair in the middle and buttoned our shirt in the back.

Today, a man's shirt vies with his scarf in bold color, rich pattern and appropriateness to purpose and occasion. Special shirtings, like Oxfords, cheviots and flannels, especially befit field and knockabout. Others, like madras and corded linens, are confessedly for urban wear. We not only have pleated shirt fronts, but pleated backs and pleated pockets, as well. We have town cuffs and sport cuffs; long sleeves and half sleeves, including the full-length affair which is detachable at the elbow for office or outdoors.

Rich-hued shirts should pair off with plain-colored cravats. Contrariwise, plain-colored shirts allow one to wear vivid cravats, particularly club, college and regimental stripes the vogue of which only changes to increase.

Illustrated alongside is an ornately patterned town shirt with a pleated bosom and cuffs revealing delicately colored traceries or foliage designs. There are two broad pleats upon each side of the center box pleat. The double cuffs are limply starched and, sometimes, interlined for those men who like a bit of extra thickness and stiffness around the wrist.

The collar is the low double-band form with a triangular front opening and generous space. The cravat is black or dark-blue pierced with a pearl pin only the head of which, and not the stem, is exposed.

The Gentleman-Sportsman

TURN a boy loose in a pastry shop and he soon sickens of sweets. Similarly, when Sport was in its swaddling clothes in America men's fashions for the field were so dandyfied and overdone, that the inevitable rebound set in. Today, the plainest and most practical turnout is worn, each article having a specific place and purpose. Only the novice, who bought his driver, brassie, mid-iron, mashie and putter, yesterday and expects to try his luck tomorrow, attempts to silhouette a slashingly dashing figure against the landscape.

On the other hand, there are some "leathernecks," veterans of a hundred bouts, who seem to fancy that it is the sure sign of the "crack" player to go upon the course in clothes which look as though they had been slept in. This view is just as perverse and perverted as the other.

Above all, sporting dress must be comfortable, but comfort is not at odds with trimness and smartness. The best players are the best exemplars of the truth that the better the style the better the stroke.

Field and mooring caps of the sort portrayed in the accompanying sketch reveal the broad spread of crown, often pleated, and the deep visor, often flexible, which guards the eyes against sunblink. Sturdy Scotch tweeds and Irish homespuns, one-piece or multipieced, are especially favored because they are almost wear-proof and, to a great degree, water-proof, as well.

However, caps of linen and similar light, thin stuffs are suitable enough for midmost Summer and even such an oddity as a cap of straw has lately been put forth, though one can't imagine anybody putting it first.

NOTE—Questions concerning Correct Dress for Men will be answered by Alfred Stephen Bryan, if addressed to him in care of this newspaper. To insure a reply, a stamped envelope must be enclosed.

Reveres U. S. Aid.

PARIS, June 10.—The part that America played in the world war will be portrayed by a huge painting given by the American Legion and preserved by the French government in the world war exhibit in the Musee de l'Armee, Invalides, Paris, France.

Lorenz Says Science Must Look to U. S.

PARIS, June 10.

"THE science of the world must in the future look to America. There savants are not hindered by monetary considerations nor by the fear of novelty so prevalent in Europe."

This statement was made to Universal Service by Dr. Adolf Lorenz, famous Vienna surgeon, when he returned to Europe after astounding America with the magic of his skill.

"I feel and believe that the field of surgery for children has advanced in America far ahead of anything we know in Europe. American doctors are clever, conscientious and thorough, and they are aided by a more complete hygienic facility than we in Europe.

"I was amazed with the progress American medicine has made since I was first there, nineteen years ago, for the purpose of operating on Miss Lolita Armour. Then American surgeons looked to Paris, Vienna and Berlin. To-day it is Paris, Vienna and Berlin who must look to America."